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THE
RECLUSE.

A
CANZONET.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF

THE INDIAN GIRL. MONCACHTAPE. THE TRIFFIQUER.
THE HARP. THE LAKE OF TEARS. ON THE STRAND.
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS.
THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD.
THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE.
A SERENADE. THE TWO OFFERINGS: ETC.

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T H E
R E C L U S E .

A CANZONET.

YONDER tree wears trails of moss,
The quickening sap has fled from its top.
Nevertheless, as the glen you cross,
Chasten your haste and deign to stop.

That path leads closely beside a spring,
The moss hung tree above it stares ;
There gay birds twitter and blithe birds sing,
To lavish their joys that dread no snares,

Under that tree is a leaning stone,
On that rough stone a name is graven :—
May the body not crumble bone with bone,
And the spirit be up in Heaven ?

Ask you again : Who sleepeth there
Down in the crypt of songless mortals,
While the dust laughs flowers that once lisped care,
Though Silence all heedless lag at the portals ?

THE RECLUSE.

He lodged in yon battered rock formed cell,
Half way the valley's crested steep.
The grotto contains a bubbling well,
In a nook of the wasteless heap.

But no frescoed hall of princely pride,
No pillared arch with lights of glory :
Yet meekly and gently and side by side,
Look the stars through its battlements hoary.

Was he an Eremite think you ? No !
And yet perhaps—he was much alone.
And then indeed it was scarcely so,
For glades of light had around him grown.

Charmed with revealings of calm and storm,
Genial in frankness, breezy withal,
Rich kindness enhancing grew multiform,
And each day dropt over a golden wall.

For him a few goats climbed yon rocks.
His head was gray as ancient story,
Blanched like the wild and misty locks
Exalting a moonlight glory.

But never he tuned a pastoral reed,
And a hazel wand was his only crook,
And never bowed he by distinctive creed,
For simply he held one marvellous Book.

THE RECLUSE.

Spurned he the savants' shivering lore,
Vultures that would search the searchless out
Pride that must earth and heaven explore,
Besmirched with insolence and doubt?

No delving sage no thinker severe,
Cast shrewder glances at the core:
While the Record of God he held most dear,
And fervently bowed him to adore.

Thus he unlocked the riddle of life
In mystery caged beneath the heaven,
Midst paths encompassed by sorrows rife,
Through the ways of men uneven.

A pleasant study were fossil and stone,
With vestiges of a day remote,
A paleontology peacemeal shown,
By scattered relics and hints of note.

He saw, but it puzzled not his brain,
From a basis of moveless rock he scanned,
Conserved as a record not yet quite plain,
Under the All-devising Hand.

Charmed, he viewed animal plant and tree,
Consummate in marvels of formative life.
And space with its multitomed mystery,
And a world moving under a shadow in strife.

THE RECLUSE.

Thus radiance over his soul was shed,
In a golden high toned philosophy.
And the map of the past was closely redd,
In aspects blind pundits never could see.

Sometimes the serf approached his grot,
For he was skilled in the leeches' lore,
And plants and blooms which gladdened that spot
Choice virtues of kindly healing bore.

He lived until the days grew old.
He died—the stale and common story.
That life had been a flower leaf stoled
From the eye and sun of glory.

And on a day with flits of gloom,
A fair day—but it seemed not fair,
The peasants came and dug his tomb,
And weeping hid his body there.

How many weep not o'er their friends,
How many wail not for the dying;
How large the tear Deception blends
With the sigh which is not sighing!

But he was wept with real tears,
And wail that was no hollow wail.
They set a stone as an end of years,
And a rude cut name completes the tale.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

PART FIRST.

GOES the Day down? What red rich fires
Burn on the City's lofty spires,
Linger on peak and mountain crest,
And kindling gleam on Elbe's breast.
Glad stream! with banks by beauty crowned,
Enchanting pictures far renowned.
Proud stream! —the laden wave has flowed,
Midst good and ill by man's abode,
And ease and affluence bestowed.

Yes, Day's departing splendor fires
Hamburg's proud pinacles and spires.
And o'er the hum of crowded streets,
Shadow with stealing shadow meets.
And noise of traffic and of trades,
With lessening din the scene pervades.
While like a prince with gems bedight,
Soft eve leads on the restful night.

Midst frowning roofs and towering walls.
The sky in sprinkled patches falls.
Attempered in the holy hight,
By waiting seraphs of delight.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Now denizens, confined all day,
Peep forth amid the twilight gray,,
To gulp the purer air, though yet
By lines of brick and granite met.

Hark to the cheerful notes that rise.
Sweet song—'tis dropping from the skies.
Rich confidence exults, and love
In faith is merged, and mounts above,
On wings of starry splendor borne
Where night is lost in floods of morn.
Glad song, impearled by opulent love,
Bathed by the airs that charm and move.
How brimmed with life's exuberant ~~trust~~,
To shame the despot of the dust.

Amidst the olden city's din,
Its throbs of discontent and sin,
Its surging tides which pass him by,
Careless to question or reply,
Hans sits beneath a simple shade,
Plying wltñ zeal his humble trade.

Strange Cobler ! what can make him sing
More cheerily than bird in spring ?
Was ever bird so blythe as he,
With untaught bubbling melody ?
No whispering trees above him spread,
No brook beside with babblings led,
No slow meanderings cool and sweet,
Delight the sylvan safe retreat.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

But the proud city's smoke and din,
Its pent desires, its smouldering sin,
Which onward urge, a restless tide
Heaved from an ocean waste and wide.

With eyes intent, with cheerful eyes,
Bent on his toil as on a prize,
Hans renovates on shapely last,
A shoe whose pristine gloss is past.
And deftly laboring to restore
The comfort which it won before,
Ekes out its usefulness to men,
And makes it almost new agen.
A wise an honorable toil,
Better than victor's proudest spoil.
Such trophies rise to cheer his heart,
As days in lengthening file depart.

Beside him, mindful though confined,
Encaged, but to its lot resigned,—
Nay, jocund in captivity,
As if the freest of the free,—
Gazing on fields all green and bright,
A starling ming'les its delight.
Beautiful workmanship of God,
How graceful how agile and gay,
Though its fledged pinions ne'er abroad,
Roamed unconfined in heaven's blue way.

Hans sings an olden German song,
Of flowing harps and glowing throng :
Of a fair clime in distance bowed,
Ne'er saddened yet by pain or shroud :

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

A City gloriously old,
Whose gates are pearl, whose streets are gold,
Whose myriads, released from sin,
White robed and radiant walk therein.
Each guarded by the arm of rest,
Sequestered with supreme delight,
Beyond imagination blest,
Out of the world's defective sight.
Each dowered with more than thought can think,
Each crowned with more than heart can crave,
Rich City on a river's brink,
Rich sweet melodious waters lave,

Hans sings, and proudly as he sings.
Rise visions of immortal things.
The time the circumstance appear
On purple pinions from above,
On vans of beauty drawing near,
Glad minstrels with a wreath of love,
To decorate his temples here,
The dazzling diadem of grace,
The earnest of celestial joys.
He hears—distinctly hears a voice,
Accents that flood his soul with bliss,
There is no earth nor emptiness
Midst the full glory of their rift,
In the blest visions that uplift.

What is time's phantasy to him?
A star in blackness dipt and dim.
Its crowns so coveted? They seem
But idle bubbles on the stream.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

The sceptres of its boasted rule ?
Straws floating on a stagnant pool.
Its mirth ? its wealth ? its hope ? its good ?
Dead leaves upon a seething flood.
Absorbed in vast transporting joys,
He scans no crowd, he hears no noise.
That which he looks upon is high
Above the night, beyond the sky.

With Hans had it been always thus,
Brilliant, serene, imperilus ?
Proved he that potency in earth,
Which in our being has its birth ?
Saw he that cloud uplit with dyes,
Which hides the future from our eyes
Strange witching lights that gaily flow
And quite obscure the great Remote
Yes——but that sorcery dispelled,
The heart is freed that once was held ;
When earthward it has looked in vain,
And borne the tutelege of pain.
Doubtless. And thus triumphant, he
Reviewed a dazzling destiny.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

PART SECOND.

WHO from the moving edying tide
Turns unexpectedly aside ?
Inquisitive—but some surprise
Quaint though quiescent in his eyes.
What has the Cobler, poor and old,
To tempt the Student wrapt and cold,
Whose days long learned tomes consume,
And legends grappled from the tomb:
Things great and mighty, earth's proud boast,
In darkness delved and gained with cost ?
Is it those rapt those cheerful looks,
More potent now than dusty books ?
That voice like chants of blossomed spring ?
That heart which cannot choose but sing ?
Yes these, like magnet hid and lone,
Attract and make their presence known.

He paused that Stranger with a bow :
“ Right merry—what abandon now !
Good friend, but midst so much that seems
Opposed to fond æsthetic dreams.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Gray romance glad with pranks emplaced
In flowering vales of aroma,
Was ne'er with winsome prestige graced,
To rule the tedium quite away.
No plume of joy such bliss outvies,
Constrained, I pause in sheer surprise."

The Cobler answered : " Should I not
Be well contented with my lot,
When gladness wakes my heart to bring
Refulgent morn, perennial spring ?
Really what is there man can need,
Quite or in part not mine indeed ? "

" Not all are happy : few can be,
Even in the camp of luxury.
Vainly imagination sighs
O'er viands served by memories,
Anticipation dreams of joy,
While jocund hours departing cloy.
Even I, whom hopes and prospects place
Amongst the foremost of my race,
Feel not that rich exuberant glow,
Which you, my friend appear to know,
Though forced to labor, poor and old,
With much of toil but less of gold."

Then Hans replied : " Canst thou be sure,
Though merged in toil, that I am poor ?

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Canst judge my state or guess my rank,
Or tell my balance at the bank ? ——

Hope paints the darkest venture bright,
With cheering smiles makes labors light ;

The blossoming futurity,

May breathe like shady summer dell,

Seem merry as a marriage bell,

Be as a golden sheaf to thee——

Rather, a tower of fretted gold,

On a proud rock and stern stronghold,

Far flashing like a-jeweled hilt,

In the rich scabbard of a king.

There is an armory so built

That hearts in farthest prospect sing. ”

“ Conjecture fanciful must err,

Friend, yet this nimble messenger,

May aid in demonstrating fact,

Or gaily skim some rugged tract,

Culling bright flowers and fragrance thence,

If nought for furtherance or defence. ”

Quite unconvinced the Student stood,

Thus stoled in musing attitude,

As noting something new or strange,

Some curious ontologic change,

Some puzzling theory, some vague

Recital, or adumbrate theme ;

Some atom, nucleus or egg ;

Each ultimatum yet in dream.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Kindled afresh the Cobler's eyes,
The casket of his mysteries
He hesitates not to unlock :
The pause is closed, the silence broke.

“Justly thou deem'st me poor and old,
With much of toil but less of gold :
On this weak awl and waxen end,
Loved ones apparently depend.
But look ye, Friend ! I have in store
For future use both gold and lore.
Never has fruitful thought conceived,
Never has credulous heart believed,
One half the glory wealth and state,
Which on my dazzling future wait.
Indeed 'tis true, I have but yet
A tithe of that I am to get.
But even this little may suffice,
When the great prospect near me lies.
Coffers beyond what Cræsus e'er
Conceived in his most wild career.
[Hoards most extravagant, delights
High beyond all that else invites.”

“Good Friend, you introduce this mood,
To variagate your solitude.
Extravagances, for a while,
May thus our transient life beguile.
Some fond some fanciful display
May while the tedious hours away.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Although successful seem the art,
So short the space till time depart.
So insignificant our stay :
Like leaf the winds will toss away,
Like echoes played by naked rocks,
Like brook made low by sparkling shocks.
No cloudless sun select in grace,
Can e'er refrain to hide its face.
No gorgeous bow but fades apace.
Activity with all its aims
Retires amidst its prospering claims,
Flits off and vanishes from view,
As if unreal or untrue.
Hiatus dread and interlude,
Beheld, but scarcely understood.
As though absorbed by visions high,
'Tis thine to sing while others sigh.
Laying hyperbole aside,
Canst thou be gay whate'er betide ?"

"Why not, said Hans, in sober truth
Be gay as with perpetual youth ?
What ! me refrain to boast and sing ?
Hark ye—my father is a King !
On some serene delightful day,
A sumptuous escort will be sent,
And I shall rise and leave my tent,
And move in regal state away."

A look of pity mixt with scorn
Was o'er the student's visage borne.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

That brow that nose—each as a mark,
Those keen black eyes, complexion dark,
Each liniament—nay, all the face,
Pronounced him of Judaic Race.

“So mote it prove!” he paused and said,
A smile sarcastically led

Whole troops of fancies vague and fleet :
“I must have heard along the street—
Oft must have heard—although 'tis strange,
Thy name repeated on the Change.
Doubtless those ships catch many a breeze,
Laden with wealth of argosies,
Trading afar o'er crested seas.”

He muttered as he turned away :
“Throw off those rags, assume thy state !—
A prince in fancy rich and great.
Poor man—how crazed ! Ah, vain assay.
That which to reason seems denied,
Floats on the mind's illusive tide,
When sober fact the rule concedes,
And wild imagination leads.”

Night closed upon the crowded street,
Those eddying streams of restless feet,
Like noisy rills in summer spent,
Seemed with the rock piled shadows blent.
Each seeking shelter, or a home
Where wearied toil makes haste to come.
And the recording day at last
Entered the gateway of the past.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

PART THIRD.

LIKE autumn leaves deep dyed that quiver,
Eves drifted down the brook of time,
The silvery tinkling brook of time,
That little brook which grows a river
Of flashing waves and stately chime.
And swelling to a sea forever,
A solemn c'loud encompassed sea,
Outspread immense and silently.

Again the city grand and old,
In Evening's purple robe is stoled.
Again the Student passed that way,
With pace that hinted at delay.
The Cobler sits beside his door,
Joyously singing as before.
His gladness like the oil of old,
The Widow's wondrous lavish store,
Flowing unstayed and manifold.

A proud cold phiz the Student wore
"Good evening, Prince!" he deigned to say.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

But then the Cobler drew him near :
" Stranger, a whisper in thine ear ;
Doubt not, I marked the other eve,
The sudden thought that bade thee leave,
And brought our interview to close.
I am not mad, as you suppose,
Nor am I romancing the while.
Wealth I possess in proud expanse
Beyond the figments of romance.
Nor am I hopeless to convince
Even you that I am borne a prince.
But first—I can forgive the smile—
Be seated for a little while.

SINGS.

When crowns and sceptres have perished,
Utterly, hopelessly :
When treasures most loved and cherished,
As fantasies flee ;
A crown thick jewelled of sterling gold,
A regal garment both new and old,
With life unending and glory untold,
Mine—O the grace ! shall be.

SINGS.

My weakness, my burden, my sorrow,
My pleasure, my life and its end,
My hope for to-day and to-morrow,
This reed that forbears not to bend,
I earnestly cast upon Thee,
My Ransom, Thine ever to be.

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

A rest and a refuge most glorious,
Freely Thou givest, O God,
The vanquished recover victorious,
The lame leap for joy on the road.
Where the morn of Thy presence illumee
Life's vista immortally blooms.

If a son, then an heir of The Highest !
O dazzling adoption supreme.
How dwindle the things that are nighest,
And lapse in the midst of a dream.
Son and heir of the Maker Divine,
Unspeakable splendors are thine.

"Hebrew ! thine own most ancient Roll,
Unlocks these glories to the soul.
That wondrous bright and shadowy Book
Must echoes from thy soul evoke,
Of that which I have said and sung.
Though with a weak attempting tongue.
Prophetic Tome of heavenly moods,
Hall of sublime infin'itudes.
Held in the mesh of every line,
What marvels rich, what grace divine,
What dazzling truth, what heavenly life,
On wings uplifting us from strife.
Fountain of history, well of light,
Streaming upon a world of night.

"See ! the morn fades on paradise

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Man's goodly frame in ruin lies,
Ah, could they not obedient stand,
Keeping God's simple sole command,
Command how easy kind and small,
Just to forbear one tree of all
Fruit loaded trees countless around
In all God's glorious garden found.

One tree of those fair fruited trees,
Brought death and all life's agonies.
Mark, Hebrew! did you never read,
Amidst the curse, Eve' promised Seed?
Which was to bruise the serpent's head,
That serpent sly, as then foretold,
Though coiled in many a deadly fold,
Crushing earth's once exalted Race,
Plotting and envious to debase?
Doubtless thou hast. But there is more.
Ponder the passage o'er and o'er,
Note closely what those words reveal.
That Nacash is to bruise the heel
Of the MESSIAH. Thence foretold
By kings and holy seers of old.

Oh Hebrew! there are wonders hidden,
Fretted with gems that lure and blaze,
And sunbright truths that flash unbidden,
Impiercing time's phantasmic haze.
This is the crowning truth of all;
He—the rejected Nazarine,
Is the SEED promised at the fall.

THE COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

But how unknown because so lowly,
So kind so meek so pure so holy.
No crown his awful brow adorned,
No thirsting falchion dyed his hand,
His presence solaced those who mourned,
All suffering fled at his command.
Exulting gladness marked his way,
Love—yea forgiveness as a God,
For the repentant,—and no rod
To drive the trembling vile away.
Did e'er effulgence so divine
On Priest or olden Prophet shine ?

Spurn not the record ! Israelite,
Ponder those freighted pages well :
Flods of incomparable light,
Discover treasures shut in night,
And compensations which excel.

If worried, bruised and hard beset
By sorrows that conspire to fret :
If pierced—deserted with a frown,
On Hope's fictitious couch of down,
A couch—but shorn of solace meet,
A bed—but not of roses sweet.
Seclusion—ah, a sad retreat !
None to commune with midst our tears,
Only Dejection armed with spears.
O touched in heart ! where can we hie,
To waive the Hazard passing by ?

THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

Can wooded hills—can mundane grace,
The soul's high harmony implace?
Pleased is the look kind nature wears,
And yet no sovereign boon appears,
No healer for life's griefs and woes,
No pledge of undisturbed repose.
How ineffectual to restore
Seem all the fruits from every shore.
Rife products but how unavailing,
Midst ills incessantly assailing.
Impoverished, or in sad reverses,
Where is the mine that reimburses?
Crippled in limb and health's resources,
How incomplete geotic forces!
Our rising sobs must still o'erflow,
Nor peaceful termination know.
For healing dwells in none of these,
Though gesture charm though bloom may please.

Seek we the Healer and the Book
Of grace, on which He bids us look.
Mark the sweet promises! how full
Of Him who is The Wonderful.
What life—what love—what saving grace
In the rich glimpses of His face!
Making the soul, so dark before,
With joy and glory brimming o'er.

INTERCHANGE.

Now, o'er the hills and forests of the West,
Rivers of beauty and sweet vales of rest,
Autumn, the cool and dim,
Decrees an impress signal and austere,
And leaf and flower blithe bird and summer hymn
Depart or disappear.

But is the glory of creation dead,
Has beauty perished, gladness taken flight?
With all its dear enchantments overspread,
With all its joy at height?

No! the sublimity of God is here.
His infinite adaptions of delight,
The beauty of his footsteps soft and clear,
Grace every clime,
And every season of the journeying year,
Hallow and beautify and bless all time,
Bringing each passer cheer.

Though nuts drop, scattered as the hour in strife
Stumbles and shrieks and shakes the hollow hills:
Though the dense foliage clogs the swollen rills,
Swept to the earth from iridescence rife,
As Change its role fulfil,
Nature is simply hoarding up its life
In preparation meek,
Anticipating good in record clear,
With hope and faith not weak. —
Thus God's appointed changes of the year
To minds attentive speak.

RETROSPECTION.
A SUMMER IDYL.

There flows a River from the Past,
Whose pure and pensive stream
Repeats the joys of other days,
Revived as from a dream.

Uncrumbling long the Memphian lies
In glory by his Nile,
Though ruin heaped on ruin shrinks,
And pile is crushed with pile.

Thus linger memories of delights,
Embalmed—but fresh with life!
And even fairer than before,
And only robbed of strife.

Softly the high born rivulet
Drops chiming at my feet,
Rich sparks on its glad waters dance,
Bright glints with changes fleet.

'Tis Evening with a golden sky;
Sweet echoes, note by note,
The ancient melodies of love,
From the green forests float.

I can not choose but wait in joy,
I can not choose but glow,
Fill'd with God's rapturous earth and heaven,
And dreams of long ago.

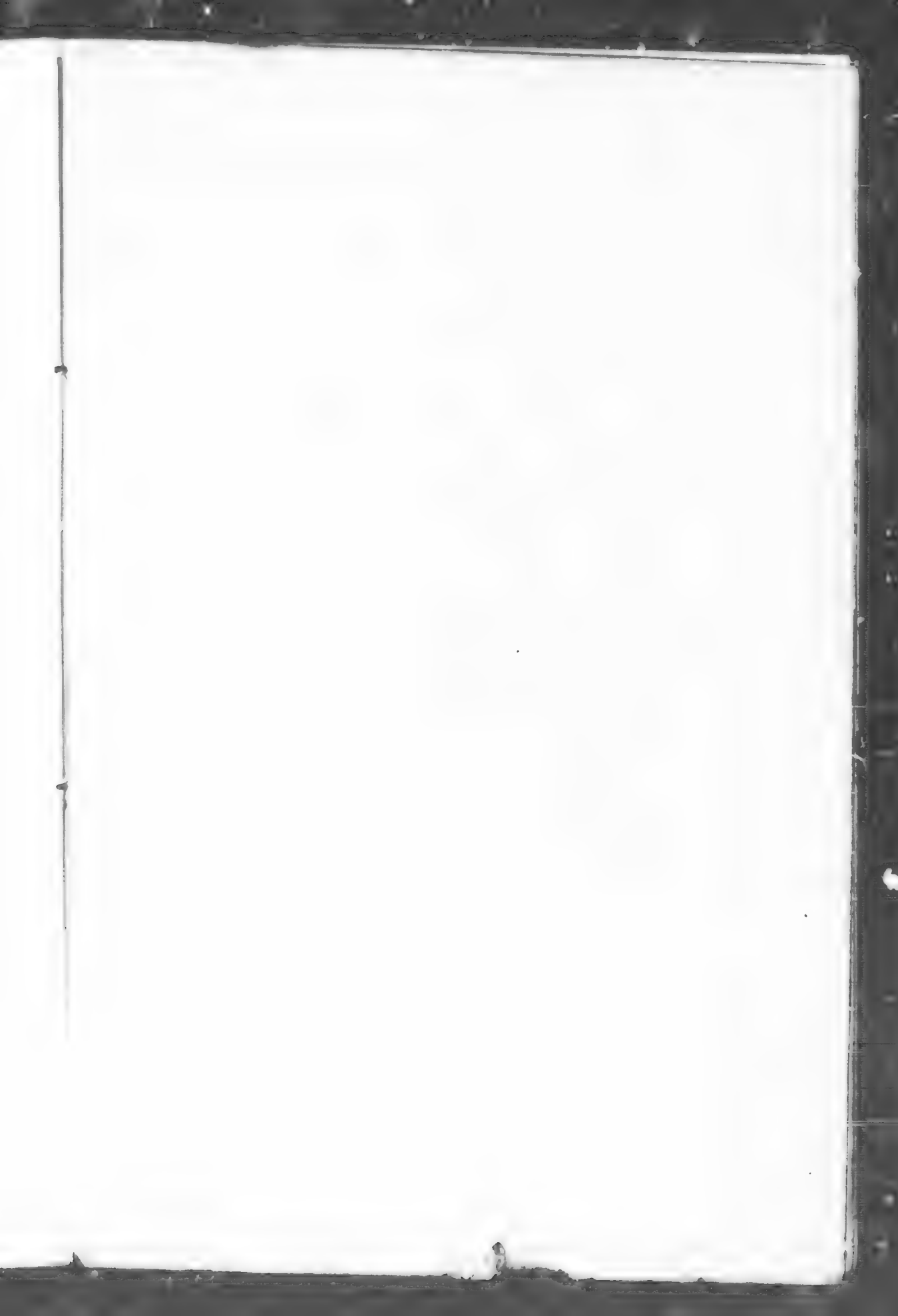
A GOLDEN ERA.

BEHOLD the years approach, when gray misrule
Must gather up its shackles and retire ;
Philosophy decline to play the fool ;
Nor greed devour the weak nor pride aspire.
When liberty will own the law of love,
And earth's glad myriads as the planets move.

Then loathsome dungeons and detested holds
Must crumble—for no inmate will be there.
And urban kindness for each race unfolds,
Peace light benevolence and joy and air.
Then 'twill be choicest glory to be good,
When none are poor in this wide brotherhood.

Earth then will hold but liberal combines,
The milionare will hide and not be found,
No sapping tyrant will demark the lines,
Or scant the products of the fruitful ground.
The mightiest shall not lord it o'er the least,
But every creature then delight and feast.

O blissful season of prophetic joy,
Gladness perennial waiting to be shed :
When royally walks love without alloy,
And senseless pomp and anarchy are fled.
When the whole earth shall know and serv one God
And all-enhancing kindness walk abroad.



AM KEROVO;

THE CHOSEN.

NOTES.

It has been the rule with theologians, to ignore the Ten Tribes of the Assyrian captivity, under the impression that the Jews are the sole remaining representatives of the Race of Abraham. Hence were relegated to the Christian Church the national and millennial glories prophetically announced to the united Houses of Judah and Israel. But although it is certain that many of the prophecies have a medullary twofold application; yet the fact should not be overlooked,— that while Abraham is the common father, without reference to Race, of all who possess similar faith; distinctions of every sort being annulled in Christ Jesus — Yet to the Lineal descendants of Abraham, and to them only, great and unparallelled National gifts and glories inalienably belong.

Yet how strange, that in the face of these truths, while told that it is the glory of God to conceal a thing, and that HIS ways are past finding out; what multitudes seem perplexed and incredulous when cited to this fact: That the descendants of the Tribes of the Assyrian captivity are now posing as our own immense and ever-expanding English speaking and Saxon people. They are distinguished and identified by every prophetic mark.

NOTES.

Added to proofs convincing many, there is now a rapidly growing impression amongst the Anglo-Saxon people, that they themselves are really and truly the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. For disobedience and idolatry these Tribes were taken captive, and carried into Assyria B.C. 725. They have not to this day returned. But the Prophecies declare—that they yet shall most certainly again possess their Land. Shortly after the commencement of the Christian era, they were lost sight of. No trace of their existence seemed visible. So far as to any remaining knowledge of them, they were actually dead and buried. But read the 37th. chapter of Ezekiel. It distinctly states, that from hopeless graves they are to be brought forth, and to stand up, an exceeding great army. — To be united with the House of Judah, the Jews. — To be made with them one Nation, in the Land and upon the mountains of Israel.—Under one king.—To possess the Land forever.— To be no more divided into two Nations. “And David My servant [the linial descendants of the Royal House of David. See 2 Samuel vii chap. 16 v.] shall be king over them: and they all shall have one Shepherd. [The Lord Jesus Christ is the Shepherd of Israel.] . . . I will be their God and they shall be my people.” These are plain promises. Must they not be fulfilled?

Not only have the lost Ten Tribes been found where least expected; but that Sign and Witness unto the Lord of Hosts, in the midst, and at the same time in the border, of the land of Egypt, (See Isaiah xix. 19, 20.) has at last been recognized in the Great Pyramid. This the oldest of existing structures. The most elaborate and prodigious mass ever erected. Consummate in its deep and immeasurable design. Perfect amazingly in its details. Evincing superhuman wisdom in its Architect, and matchless skill in its execution. Those secrets of science, and prophetic indications committed to its keeping upwards of four thousand years ago, are now, in the days for which they were prepared, being delivered up to the patient research and investigation of minds created and equipped for these researches, in fulfillment of the purpose of God. See “ Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.” By Piazz Smith.

AM KEROVO.

THE CHOSEN.

BOOK FIRST.

GRANT me, O FATHER! tenderly—as unto Thee seems meet—
Wisdom to meditate Thy Word, so wondrous so replete.
Those teachings lofty beyond thought, those mysteries sublime,
Inscribed upon the golden Roll—epitome of time.
The fortunes of Thy chosen Tribes, are there portrayed in light;
As lustrous indicating signs, as mentors midst the night.

FROM the deep canyons that betray the fierce and hungry past,
The gleams of a convulsive hope, rise flickering and o'ercast.
The noon is overshot with clouds impelled by blasts evere:
While good is agonized, and life—to woe pays many a tear.

What moves the multitude. They bow—to what? To wood
and stone!
Those wizard priests, with cunning sleights, luxurious seats
have won.

Joy—life—have ye no refuge left? Precarious as the air;
Eachained, immanicled, engulfed, in blackness and despair.

And is it on this fair green earth, with lavish bounty blest;
And underneath the lifted heavens, and their unshaken rest;
And is it midat luxuriant vales, and hills with blessings stored,
That these vile gods have thrust aside The High and Only Lord!

Behold! how fallen nature flaunts, with senseless, foul grimace.
O folly, prodigal of lies. O gods of deep disgrace,

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

And this is all that wisdom prone, and crippled art portray,
Spurned in the vigor of its might, and smitten with decay?
Alas for liberty perverse, the glories that have been:
The stars, the destinies august, swept by divergent sin.

Say! must it last? Shall frenzied lust assume the stole of truth;
Whelm the gay world in wickedness, inviolate with youth;
Error and mysticism perverse, through every phase be wormed,
Perpetuate this morbid state, in ruin vast confirmed:
The race abandoned to a fate terrific and extreme,
Where misery, bloated and perverse, o'erstrides a world of dream?
No aid—no guide—in all the earth, with all its pomp and boast:
A glimmer dancing on a cliff, where the black gulfs are tost?

Beyond the flood—yon mighty stream, that rolls its sluggish tide,
A Prince shall rise. Behold the Man! upraised for blessings wide.
There, while his Shes are worshiping false gods, close masked,
that swarm,
A Voice arrests him and the grace of a Transcendent Form.
Not like the chisselled deities, beasts, creeping things more base,
As He that shines, as He that hails one of Shemetic race.

The Heavenly Vision bids him rise. Crost is the freighted stream.
The City of his childhood fades, the hails of many a dream.
Mesopotamia charms no more. And lonely, forth he fares:
Pilgrim—yea strange adventurer, to distant scenes repairs.
Armed with invulnerable trust, high helmed above dismay,
From glade to tented glade he moves, with brief and restless stay.
No spot his own. But unto him, midst childless weary years,
The crowning promise of his hope, in laughing grace appears.
Yes, Isaac leads the multitudes. Procession vast and long!
They come, they come! in peerless crowds, illustrious and strong

AM KERCVO: THE CHOSEN.

How lavish, how munificent, with dazzling victories:
Enwreathed with glory, and august, enhancing earth and seas.
Emblazing a crown supreme, the earth's full sheaf of times;
The thousand years, when hostile arms no more amerce the
clime.

But not at once, nor yet in peace, the golden tide must flow:
But midst a period of storms, and rock bound straits of woe.
Lo! nenth the gods of Memphis bowed, behold in evil plight,
The kingly sons of Isaac's Race—leggraded, shorn of might.

Joseph was gone. Aloft the Nile a haughty Ramses frowned:
Sovereign of uncomputed wealth, supreme of hordes renowned.
From the hard scienite amidst the rose-red quarries vast,
Sphinxes and shafts and gods come forth thro mighty years to last.
They emanate—arouse—aspire—in clouds of workmen closed:
Planished, luxuriously equipped, of force and life composed.

Now the herculean task! remove the stubborn monsters thence.
On cumbrous vehicle impose; attach with cords intense.—
Perched on the monolith superb, a driver claps his hands,
To time the simultaneous throb of the attaching bands.
Now the taskmasters armed with whips urge concentrated forces
The sweltering squads—unpitied slaves, to efforts stern coerced.
Armed soldiers decorate the van—strategic rule implied;—
Thus crowds of Hebrew bondmen toll in concert side by side.
And the great monument creeps forth, immense o'er hill and dale
And sands no obstacles oppose, nor streams as checks avail.
A Hebrew once this land preserved thro' seven dlamaying years:
Tis all forgot! and now his Race stands chained mid stripes
and tears.
Trained in the quarries to achieve the miracles of art;
Forced, unto blocks of granite huge, proud glories to impart.

Hark! 'tis the roar of furnaces; there smelted iron tiles
In fiery pools midst bellowing winds urged thro' the shivering side.

AN KEROFO: THE CHOSEN.

And still the hissing streams are fed with fuel wind and ore.
While troops of toilers skilled—yet slaves, dille and ridge explode
Many deported to the mines amidst sinatic belts,
Transporting from those stores arcane the dusky stone that melts.
So ne delve in nearer fields, and some the lignite black prepare:
Though the fierce sun right over head broil the sustaining air.
And these are Hebrews: artisans, well skilled, supremely nerved
Tolling unrecompensed, oppressed, while lordly aims are served.

While are the brick fields, toll is rife, and brisk the potters' wheels.
Didst rulers cruel as the whip that smites but never heals.
And lo, rich ornamented shafts and walls of brick arise.
Those workmen toll on towers that climb to emulate the skies.
Embellished spires and golden roofs that cast off rifts of flame,
Midst admiration of the crowds the more exalts their shame.
Endowed with wisdom to devise, with skill to execute.
But coopt and cramp and fetter'd base where tho't itself is mute.

And this is Jacob! he to whom this sin merged globe must yet,
With all its tribes with all their strifes in meek restraint submit.
This slave is Jacob—trained severe, to rise supreme at last,
With heavenly 'emper as a stole around his shoulders cast,
He sinks—'tis out to emulate the eagle in his flight.
He cowers—behold he rises up, a lion in his might.

And Kem's gods have searched his soul and rifed it of gold:
And light but flickers from his shrine, and hope is stark and cold
O, Slave! shall thy escutcheon rise with light and strength equipt?
And thou a titan in his cups with chains of slumber heaped?
Yes—but a stern deep destiny involves thee in its coils;
And eminence must be attained—but through despondent toils.

AM KEROVO:

THE CHOSEN.

BOOK SECOND.

RICH jewelled reed and golden quiver, great **Book of Books**
Divine!

How bright thy keen and dazzling truths in rustless lustre shine!
Long the geologist may squirm, and sweat in thriftless toil;
God's muniment, unchipt, unscarred, derides each foul accol.
Those six high days of marvellous work,—each day with
restful night,

Saw heaven and earth from nothing formed, and filled with
life and might,

GOD SPOKE—'T WAS DONE!—Light, rapture-formed, mag-
nificent in birth,

Streamd o'er the Abyss!—all Hyle!—all Life!—evoked in
heaven and earth.

Space inconceivable! How vast. How shoreless. How replete.
With works of exquisite design, great orbs that lightly fleet.

No periods of immense delay, no lingering acts were those:
But glory upon glory rushed. Each instantly uprose.

Sea, earth and air, each with its tribes regaled in joy and might
And the frail fly plied wings with speed that almost rival light.

How silly all the proud's dreams, how baseless fond and weak!
See! puffed and strutting in his pride o'er frenzy's latest freak!

Eternal Power! how high beyond pride's role of feebleness,
The sage's reach the student's range and fluctuating guess,
Soared the true measure of Thy might, the lustre of Thy ways.
When sons of God with song and shout impealed Thy holy
praise.

And days have fallen like summer blooms impurpling eve
and morn,
Since the first pair in frantic hope dared taste the fruit forlorn.

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

But not the godless savant's years, his myriads absurd,
Since the first two supreme in life, dread death and dole incurred
Complete in faculty and power, endowments multiform,
Now stood they sad in lustre dimmed, the oneforth to breast
the storm.

Quickly the arts arose to aid, while taste and skill devised;
Thus Labor found its true adjuncts, by glad acceptance prized.
And mind its miracles achieved, superb inventions multiplied.
But rampant pleasure burst the bond, and power its dupes
beguiled.
All glory left the path of good, and sought dark ways perverse.
And wonders of those ages, lost, achieved became a curse.

Over the globe dire gulfs outpoured prophetic floods of wrath:
The sphere in woeful waters lapped, rolled lifeless on its path.
There toppled from the cliffs of pride gigantic wickedness,
The specialist, inventors famed, with power to curse or bless.
Attainments, scientific aids, perhaps without a peer,
Were poured from off that fairer earth, cut short in full career.
Surcharged with violence and fraught with lawlessness condign,
Those flashing glories were refused, and dashed from hall and
shrine.

Lonely the wondrous ark above a waste of waters rode;
With precious vestiges in trust, their last and sole abode.
And when the floods were borne away, lo, a celestial form,
God's marvellous bow, created THEN and planted on the storm.
O jewelled pledge! rich bow of grace! Such pity and love
supreme!
How glowed those ancient honored men, charmed by its
kingly dream!

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

When Abram left his fathers' vales, their false gods cast aside:
Crossed the great river, pitched his tent on Haran's further side.
High was the kind inspiring Voice that led him thitherward;
The marvellous Man the Heavenly Guest who unto him appeared.

There in an unfamiliar land he moved from place to place.
No spot his own—but God bestowed that country on his Race.
And when all human hope dissolved like phasma from the sands,
Isaac arose in laughter clad to lead the waiting bands.
Inheritor of birthright boon—with sorrows intermixt:
Cycles of grandeur, years of life, with woes like hills betwixt.
Dark passages, dismaying scenes, which thrift can ne'er erase;
But good resultant, wide spread good, and freedom hope and grace.

Kingly and simply grand enwrapt in light's prophetic fold,
Ennobling generous was the man—great Patriarch of old,
All eloquent his life his death. With him the High One talked:
Yea, lingered listening to his plea, while on the angels walked.
This Egypt once he visited, with visions deep imprest,
Ere under Hebron's star piled vault he laid him down to rest.

Now grown to multitudes, behold what griefs around him close;
Slaughtered midst valleys of delight, secluded from repose.—
And is there aid or even hope? alas, how scant and mere!
For Misraim's gods avail them not: will Jacob's God appear?
Idolatrous and bondmen reared, opprest with festering grief;
Lo Isaac's Fear is quite forgot and who shall bring relief?

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

The echo of a glorious word by all the hills is caught :
Reverberated from the heavens and pledged to saintly thought.
And can the voice of promise fail, the lamp of love expire ?
No ! a Deliverer. he comes—but not as they desire.

And he shall set them high above the lords they serve with dread ;
And thence triumphantly with spoil their thousands must be led
O exultation giant born : O sights beyond the real ;
Reproofs of vengeance terror hooped, which Egypt's god's
must feel !
Yet how distasteful, sunk in glooms, to Israel's moving bands ;
Given to murmur and demur, though Jacob's God commands.

There on the red sea's sedgy brink the mighty Leader stood ;
Over the interposing tide he lifts his sacred rod.
At once the severed waves congealed in walls of crystal fled,
And the hot east sent forth its blast o'er the deserted bed.
There the dread pillar of the Lord on Israel poured its light,
While over the inveterate foe it shed disastrous plight.
Not Pi-hahiroth e'er could snare the issuing Tribes of God,
Though forts equipped on either hand, untrustful spirits awed .
Egypt aroused with musterings hosts to deal the vengeful stroke,
Six thousand charriots in pursuit with jostling axles smoke.
Ah, futile rage, bewildered spite, and self-requiting bale !
The seas released at once dissolve and terribly assail.
And there the horseman and the horse and charriot strew the
shore,
And thenceforth Israel beheld the tragic foe no more.

AN KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

Once in deep wadya overpiled with splintered tinted reef,
Toiled bands of captives where dense dusk from heat brought
no relief,
From interstices of the rocks, the rich torkois was forced,
While ever smoked the stifling lamps, that seemed themselves
coerced.
There, midst the swivel hammer's thuds, the small tapt chis-
el's ring,
Crept forth the wealth of dynasties, and vaulting pride too wing
There armed with quiver and with bow, stern guards kept
watch and wait.
And Egypt's eagle headed gods were throned midst priests
elate.
Earth has no songs of bubbling hope where rayless shadow
broods,
And overmastering sadness rules the blighting solitudes.
Now from oppression freed they stand, no longer serfs but men,
Before them drift their fallen foes and shall not rise again.

AM KEROVO:

THE CHOSEN.

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BOOK THIRD.

JACOB from bondage once was freed. Serves he in bondage yet?
Herculean on his shoulders laid, vast burdens gall and fret.
His unbelief—that bitter foe! his crude discordant will,
As hungry vultures swoop around, disturb and thwart him still.
Lo Judah scattered by the winds, and fallen midst his foes.
In vain with eider lines his nest, for where shall he repose?
Rapacious wolves and yelping hounds burst in upon his rest,
And horrid villainies malign confront him and molest.
Though Ephraim and manasseh rule, and colonise the sphere,
They spurn prophetic light, prefer as aliens to appear.
Midst proofs incontrovertible, midst waymarks thickly strown,
Truth whistles like the idle winds, uncared for and unknown.
Though in their ears the Canaanite still blurts his rage condign,
Unpacified, old hate untamed, deep festering and malign.
Yet Ephraim's birthcrown from his head audaciously they wrest
And with God's abnegated love all gloriously invest.
And in security abused stand signal and aloof.
O blindness, stark beyond belief, O pride beyond reproof.
What? are the promises of God made void in their esteem?
Gone like the flash that lit the cloud, and empty as a dream!

Proud flamed the glorious temple once on crowned Moria's scarp
In form in glowing measurements symphonious as a harp.
There those titanic pillars rose, exhaled from Zarthan's clay.
Veiled with their curious capitals and splendor of display.

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

There charioted the che. ubs stretcht great golden wings of grace,
Kissing each other in the still and dread most holy place,
Above the awful ark of God and precious mercy seat,
In the veiled oracle retired—ineffable retreat.

In form and measurement exact, midst wondrous neighborhood,
The molten sea on bullocks twelve, a marvellous casting stood.
All by the perfect amma framed, and sacred reed of God,
The span that meeted out the heavens and sowed the suns abroad
Marked every interstellar space, with nice precision planned:
Witness of unity and skill and glory of command.
Lo, globes immense, those flying shoals in complex order bowled,
Flung by the mighty hand of God, like frolic marbles rolled.
But perfect, exquisitely poised in complex track throughout:
And blasting as with shifting hail, excuseless scoffs and doubt

Adown in Mizraim's sculptured vale, sealed in Jeaza's Pile,
Lay the rich protocol Divine prepared a long erewhile
Astounding nucleus of thought beyond the scope of mind,
Fount of stupendous measurements, by God himself designed.
Amidst this vast prophetic pile, in porphyry thralldom lay
The light of centuries to come, midst ages of decay:
There for the hour of Jacob's need prepared and bound in stone,
First temple of the God of grace, replete—but yet unknown.

And now in gold, in precious woods, in polishd stones enclos'd.
The perfect structure flashing far in stately strength reposed.
When on a lofty dais raised, while the vast concourse viewed,
Knelt Solomon the wise, with awe and loving gratitude.
And lifting up his peaceful hands and voice in earnest prayer,
To God who holds and fills the vast infinitudes of care.

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEB.

Meekly and fervently and deep, and winged like eagles flew,
Petitions honoring to God, and themes to Israel true.
Oh wide embracing was the prayer, epitomizing time,
Clasping in circlet jewell starred, a history sublime.
Sweeping o'er hidden wells of tears and tracking midst the deeps
As to a labyrinth obscure, the place where Judah weeps.
There, in disturbed unrestful dreams, his aspirations true,
Reach to a glory and a rest, long veiled alas from view.

But Israel—Exile of the past and Wanderer many days,
While in his marts and thro' his coasts awake the songs of praise
Though echoes from Jerusalem exciting tales repeat,
His hopes retired his labors blest, has long forgot his seat.

The lovely Salem of the past, glad City of THE KING,
To which our joyful Tribes went up with praise and offering,
Long by the spoilers trodden down for Judah's awful crime,
Foretold in mirror of their lot, —prophetic Roll sublime—
How Judah long extremes must taste and tenfold horrors meet!
How Israel should outcasted roam, but find a rich retreat.
Alas, they fail to recognise the love that runs afar,
And makes the Ten Tribed house of God irradiate as a star.

From lovely hillperched Nazareth a lowly Prophet came:
Pearls of lit wisdom shower his steps and consecrate his fame.
Health at his word, suffused with joy, uprose from death and woe
Strong demons cowered at his rebuke, and let the vexed ones go.

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

Acts all unprecedented, thick, His pathway decked benign.
And grace from the eternal hills proclaimed the work Divine.
Wonders no prophet e'er achieved, along His path were strown,
Yet hid in humble guise the Prince of Jacob stood unknown.

Is this the long expected King? The great Messiah he?
His word should smite the Seven Hills' pride and set Judea free
He the high Builder of those times which rapt Isaiah saw?
Then His sole arm with dashing might should hold the world
in awe;
And from His father David's throne, send His profound decrees
To farthest isles, to unknown shores, to all-surrounding seas.

This is not He! the priests exclaimed; the pharisees the scribes
Beheld no beauty in the Man who charged with sin the Tribes.
Away with him—this is not He! Soon David's Royal Son
Will come with banners high advanced from battles fought
and won.

And thus the Son of God, the kind, approachable and meek,
Stood robed, thorn crowned, with kingly reed, and smitten on
the cheek.
He the true Paschal Lamb His life laid down with sweet accord
For all His wandering sheep: and thus the dead to life restored.

The cup Judea now must drain! Ah woeful woeful day,
When the Most High in kindled wrath drove His false friends
away!
Gave up the chosen of His heart, His house, His holy hill,
To dire excesses, to the lash, to scourges smiting still.]

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

See Judah wanders, maimed and sore, with drooped decadent
eyes,
While desolate the fields of God and that loved mountain lies. ¶
The sacred Temple charms no more, no stone on stone remains.
Hark! from the mosque of Oman float the moslem's startling
strains.
That cry disturbs the midnight hour, loud from the minaret,
Those strange opprobrious accents mock, where God's dread
name was set.

Prophet of Islam! though thy domes and desecrating towers,
Sit perched like vultures o'er the land and fright the glowing
hours.
With rolling suns, with changeful years, that boast and swift
are gone;
Thy bitter rule thy griping power, must rise and travel on..

In vain the golden gate is barred with sturdy blocks of stone,
Judea's sons must enter there, nor by that port alone.
Isaac's prophetic form—the Stone by Daniel erst foretold,
O'ershadows, curbs thee; and at last on Egypt full has rolled..
Red Esau, in thy stubble dry this Jacob is the flame;
He will consume thee root and rush and leave thee but a name.
Thy proud luxurious palaces, and indolent repose,
O'ertopple now a mountain chasm of stern barbaric throes.
A deep engulfing destiny, self-furnished though decreed,
For thou hast wasted Judah's land, and scoffed amid his need. ¶
With thy whole heart and fell desire, beat down his glory low.
And used him roughly and abused amidst his bitter woe.

AM KĦRORO;

THE CHOSE

LOOK FOU T

By whom, O Lord shall Judah rise? Alas! for he is small:
And those who would displace his life like anakin are tall.
Gigantic rigors horrors fierce, despoil him at command.
Arise, O God, O Mighty One, and take his trembling hand.
Art Thou not He who Rahab smote and pierced the dragon
deep?
Come forth, O King, and walk the seas, high tumbling heap
on heap.
Those seas will flee before Thy flock. O Shepherd of great love;
And from Thy People's pathway swift the hurtling hills remove.

Must Judah turn with swimming eyes to sacred Palestine?
Those northern holds—loved marts of gain, alas! must he resign?
Cherished familiar spots, where years—where childhood fond was
spent:
Lifelong attachments all as reeds beneath the tempest bent;
Prostrated, snapt like forest trunks amidst the whirling blast.
What! fiendish foes, and this with zest! Ah, short if sweet
repast.
Hunters! are these not joys of his, yes and his lawful gains?
How dare ye desecrate his homes, and pierce his life with pains?

Oh Judah, it is time, arise! dismaying griefs molest.
Thy crystal palaces are dashed. Ah, this was not thy rest!

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

Yet as a culprit barred from home!—Lo, startling terrors threat,
A tempest none restrain!—Dread what which must the foe beset
In turn those Hunters soon shall quail with undiverted grief,
Gore of unmitigated strife, and bale without relief.

Fishers will also draw ye forth, O men of Judah, yet,
Lest ye should linger midst the pools and Palestine forget.
Grief-crowned Jerusalem still swoons; what ruin piles her brow;
What desecrations mar the courts where Zion's sons did bow.
O memories sublime, revered, mysterious, grand and dread;
Long callendered and sealed with rock and ghostly with the dead

How shall the purpose be addrest, the needful acts contrived?
Entrance effected to those hills, whose cliffs have but survived?
Shall sluggish force await the tide nor sturdy feats attempt,
Till the emphatic Day from strifes and trials stern exempt?
Must the dense shadows that engulf that gem engraven word
Appal the earnest pioneers with hazards new incurred.

Cheer, ye Adventurers! yet true, it must not be denied,
There are titanic toils in view—a rough opposing tide.
But difficulties stern, yea gulfs—are God's severe decree,
For all who spurn His gracious rule and His high Presence flee.
A blissful restoration comes, yet comes midst pain and strife;
Herculean efforts and sustained through times that try the life.

Ah, Joseph—Judah—fallen both! obscured with odious shame,
Oh had ye yielded Jacob's God the honor due His name.
Like rivers then had flowed your peace, your righteousness a sea
With gleaming billows of delight, resistless vast and free.

AM KHAOVO: THE CHOSEN.

Yet even now, as countless sands that curb the hungry deep,
Behold thy Race! though prest in part, or sunk in reckless sleep
The ruthless Slav still frets and plots for Judah's lost estate:
The quenchless Philistine still flames with grudge of olden hate;
But Ephraim triumphs! Nor shall e'er, Judah! erase thy name,
Though Wanderers, homeless scourged rebuked, and sore with
 smothered shame,

England is opening up the gates, must cleanse the goodly land,
And thus his brother Judah aid with firm and steady hand.
Not yet perhaps if closely prest shall Esau quit his hold,
With naked sabre in retreat, and crescent still unrolled.

Judah and Israel—must they fight? Ah, there are woes decreed
And hard successes to be won, before the land is freed.
Yes, years perhaps of unshred care, and shufflings felt severe,
But Jacob's ruins must arise, his villages appear.
Behold! the hills begin to smile, the fruitful trees to bloom,
And Palestine rejuvenate exulting bursts the tomb.
And in Jerusalem beloved, amidst its favored stones,
Falls the false Prophet's creed of death; the Living Word
 enthrones.

High on the fabricated rails of progress and emprise,
Life's steel shod car with panting haste and eager purpose flies.
Far over slender strains of wire to bind discordant earth,
On transcendental lightning steed hope's voice at last rides forth.
The whispers of a wondrous past on these late times converge,
Forecasts, like stars of brilliant rule from flying clouds emerge.
And the prophetic age of light with its symphonious tones,
With blissful benison reveals the glorious Throne of Thrones.

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

Where went JHUVAR's sacred ark? O weeping Prophet, tell;
Where, from the rifled holy Fane, as bitter days befall?
In Horeb's cave, midst Sinai's cliffs, or in that Pillar vast,
That king'sly fosse whose polished slopes amazed the ages past;
Or rather, in a far off Isle superb on ocean's breast,
Found it a mergec, a secure close veiling place of rest?
Caught from a stiff-neck'd Race, consoled through long dark
 rueful days;
hall it again appear midst songs and thankfulness and praise?

Yes, yet again! restored, preserved, in sacred freshness kept,
With the choice souvenirs of a King, which long in night have
 slept;
Forgotten glories mantling high. Prophetic proofs unknown,
Of a Great Nation—of ourselves—of God's Kingdom of the stone.
Swift on the minstrel wings of earth, in resonance replete,
Lo! myriad voices shout acclaim from pulce and retreat.
Extatic hour, exalting day! crowned with the Saviour's smiles;
Time that identifies the Lost, and glorifies the Isles.

But when those shoutings and those songs—O memorable year—
Salute the heavens and shake the earth, will Judah stoop to
 hear?

Ah then offended, then perplex must Judah stand aloof;
Not yet convinced, though much surprised, and still de-
 clining proof.

Should this be so, yet comes an hour and mood of better tone,
When grace will set its signet plain, and each to each be known.

AM KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

That morn of grace for Judah dawns; O day of wondrous days!
It bursts in plenitude of love and light and endless praise.
Full on the brow of Olivet, the God the Man descends,
Once more in Majesty serene, O element Friend of Friends.
Once by the trembling pair He stood in Eden's last sad day:
Once talked with Abraham by the trees, once met him on the
way:
Then, yet more strictly veiled He walked the land of Galilee:
Leaned on His breast in that last feast the loved disciple see.

Blinding and tragic were the scenes that quickly interposed;
Fudden the terror and di-may that o'er His followers closed.
Then He in Godlike power came forth from Joseph's rock
hewn rest;
Last to the mount of Olives led His chosen ones: 'blest.
And whilst He blessed them, even then aloft He was upborne:
Amidst a cloud of holy ones, Himself the exalting Morn.
But by them stood mysteriously in white apparel then,
Two men who said, Why gaze ye up? He thus will come again.

Clothed with innocuous rays serene, in mild eclipse enfolded,
Never henceforth may fleshly eyes the Lord of life behold.
When He called Moses He was closed in ambient tongues of
flame:
When as the Leader of His hosts, in cloud and fire He came:
Midst storms by livid whirlwinds fed, of old to Job He talked:
And throned on awful cherubs He with whom the fathers walked.
In the dread Sanctuary none beheld His Godlike state,
None saw the throned resistless powers, perpetually that wait.

AM KERCVO. THE CHOSEN.

**When John, the last in vision, met the Friend whom he adored,
Even as one dead he fell before the glory of the Lord.**

**But now He bows the heavens again. On Olivet He stands,
Rich love and benedictions load His free bestowing hands.
Glory insufferable once more—how kind how sweet the grace!—
He lays aside, and men again may look upon His face.
Behold Him, Judah—look and live! and Levi, doubt no more!
He comes to save the banished Jews and grace and peace restore
No hesitating Thomas now, all other proofs decried,
Will reach his hand and ask to probe his loving Savior's side.**

**He the great captive Seer who saw by Chebar's banks arise,
Glories ineffable and, forms of more than Paradise.
Beheld the stately day afar, when olden wastes restored,
To the new Temple would return from the lit East the LORD.
O day of days! O light of lights! when the great KING appears,
And decked with jewels of delight rolls forth the golden years.**

**But must another antechrist, the Man of Sin, arise?
Where then is he whose lying mouth has grimmed Italia's skies?
Where then that dynasty of pride of blood of frenzied zeal,
Who bound the truth, who ground the saints with savage iron
heel?
Yes! dares repudiate the Word that light from The Most High,
And from a God-dishonoring throne, the God of grace defy?
No! never in that holy Fane shall antechrist set foot;
Thence all-pervading life will flow, and sin fall faint and mute.**

AN KEROVO: THE CHOSEN.

Dread as a blazing pyre may be Judeas' rulers then,
And re-enacting feats of old, achieve renown again.
But must the city fall once more, be sacked and filled with slain;
Two parts to perish in defeat, and one alone remain?
Occurred not this when eagles flocked within its gates of old,
When Benjamin the third forewarned, went forth from woes
foretold?
And two were left, two thirds were left. There Judah, Levi fell
In fearful contests with a foe they stemmed but failed to quell.

Was that the awful day of doom, the very day foretold
By holy prophets of the Lord, who published it of old?
But now the expected era plumes its thousand years of peace,
When the satanic-fettered earth exults in wide release.
When unto David's Throne appealed, the basking world will rest
Full in the smiles of Jacob's God, of every good possess.

SAY, IS IT LIFE,

SAY! Is it Life, to breathe to move,
Content within this blighted sphere,
With nought of glory nought of love,
But what is born and bounded here?

Say! Is it Pride to build alone
For this sad earth's illusive dream,
No glance at future splendor, none
Beyond the shadow and the stream?

Is there a Future, when this Mind
Moves as a mirage from the sands,
Evanishes, and leaves behind
Earth's toils and struggles and demands?

Then is it Glory to ignore
Honors inviting and revealed,
Through chiliads, ripening evermore
In bliss and marvels long concealed?

If there be Heaven and offered grace,
Par on and reconciliation sweet,
Arise! equipped to win the race,
And from a woe drawn strife retreat.

EVENING.

N o w Evening vaults in genial glooms,
And tender dyes of varied shades :
The fanning airs, with sweet perfumes,
Drop in the woods as twilight fades.
Angelic moods the scene pervades,
High aspirations charm the air :
A phantom of the lost decades
Floats up and seems to hover there.

So exquisite are all these things,
In sovereign hints of marvellous skill,
Beyond the mind's imaginings,
Beyond its vagrant vivic will !
And evermore, arising still
With every season, every hour,
What myriad acts the role fulfil
Of every animated power !

How wondrous the three kinds of life,
Which comprehend our converse here ;
Each in its revelation rife,
Its forms that pass and reappear.
Each relegated to its sphere :
The leaf—the trembling germ—the thought,
Combined—but with distinction clear,
Through many modes and changes brought.

S O O N .

S o o n to conquests great and glorious,
Will the slumbering truth awake :
And Salvation rule victorious,
While the startled nations quake.

From the rising City springing,
From Ezekiel's Temple high,
Rich triumphant grace outringing,
Woos earth's weeping kindred nigh.

Glorious things await fulfilling,
Blissful suns are yet to shine ;
Joy, to every zone revealing
Bounteous years and peace divine.

Earth must cease its bitter moaning,
Sin no longer sit on high
And, through Love's sublime atoning,
Good with joyful good will vye.

